

L.N.



# CRIME

THE LAW  
ALWAYS WINS!

# SMASHERS

SEPT. No. 12  
10¢

YOU AND YOUR GANG OF  
THUGS HAVE GONE TOO FAR.  
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S  
TOUGH AROUND HERE!

AWK!

LEGO  
DE  
BOSS!



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH  
DAN TURNER  
GIRL FRIDAY  
RAY HALE**

**CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!**

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# GAIL FORD - GIRL FRIDAY

THE CITY HAS BEEN PLAGUED WITH A LONG SERIES OF ARMED ROBBERIES - ALWAYS OCCURRING IN WEALTHY HOMES WHERE WOMEN KEEP MONEY AND JEWELRY. THE LATEST TAKES PLACE AT THE MANSION OF OSWALD BANNERMAN, A VERY INFLUENTIAL MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY -



THAT NIGHT, A STOOL PIGEON TIPS OFF A DETECTIVE WITH SOME HOT INFO...

HEY, MAC, I KNOW YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE BRAINS BEHIND THAT STICK-UP MOB. I GOTTA TIP FOR YUH. GET A LINE ON A WOMAN NAMED **NINA** - SHE'S A FORTUNE TELLER ON ASH STREET.

THANKS, SOAPY. HERE'S A TEN-SPOT FOR YOU.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR MADSON ACTS ON THE RECENT TIP-OFF ...

BANNERMAN HAS BEEN YELLING BLOODY MURDER SINCE HIS HOME WAS ROBBED. WE'VE GOT TO GET ACTION, GAIL, YOU'RE ONLY MY SECRETARY, BUT YOU CAN HELP. GO GET A PALM READING FROM THIS WOMAN, NINA, AND TELL US WHAT YOU FIND OUT.



GAIL IMPERSONATES A WEALTHY, LOVELORN GIRL AND GOES TO SEE NINA, THE FORTUNE TELLER...

I DON'T CARE IF MY DAD IS RICH... I WANT LOVE TO BRING ME HAPPINESS. TELL ME, WILL I EVER MEET THE MAN OF MY DREAMS?

SURE YOU WILL, MY DEAR. HE'LL BE TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME -



AFTER FEEDING NINA A PLAUSIBLE STORY, GAIL LEAVES... AND IS TEMPTED...

IF I SNEAK UPSTAIRS, MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING... MAYBE SPOT SOME OF THE LOOT...



BUT HER LUCK RUNS OUT. UPSTAIRS, SHE IS SEIZED BY THE GANG... ONE RECOGNIZES HER...

WHAT YA SNOOPIN' AROUND FOR?

OH-H! LET ME GO!

HEY - I KNOW THAT DAME... I SEEN HER DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



ANGRY NINA RUSHES UPSTAIRS...

SO! A POLICE PLANT, EH? I THOUGHT SHE SOUNDED PHONY. TIE HER UP AND THROW HER IN THAT ROOM. WE'LL GET RID OF HER AS SOON AS IT IS DARK.



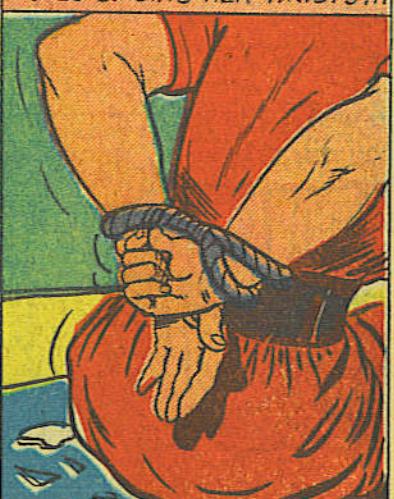
LEFT ALONE, GAIL WRIGGLES UNTIL HER COMPACT FALLS OUT OF HER POCKET...



WITH HER FEET, SHE BREAKS THE MIRROR...



...AND MANAGES TO CUT THE ROPES BINDING HER WRISTS...



GAIL QUICKLY GOES DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE...

BUT, AS SHE REACHES THE FLOOR BELOW, SHE IS GRABBED AND DRAGGED INTO THE WINDOW...

JUST SPOTTED HER IN TIME!

OUCH!  
MY ARM!

SHE IS CHLOROFORMED...

TAKE NO CHANCES ON HER GETTING AWAY AGAIN!



WHEN GAIL REVIVES, SHE IS IN A HIDEAWAY DEEP IN THE SEWERS, SURROUNDED BY THE VIOLENT DREGS OF THE UNDERWORLD...

NINA'S ORDERS ARE TO LEAVE NO TRACE OF DIS DAME. WE WILL BE WELL PAID.

DOWN HERE, THAT'S EASY.



MEANWHILE, THE INSPECTOR IS WORRIED...

GAIL SHOULD HAVE RETURNED LONG AGO, COME ON - WE'LL RAID THAT PALM READER'S JOINT!



COPS SWARM INTO THE HOUSE OF THE FORTUNE TELLER...

THERE'S THE WOMAN!  
PUT YOUR HANDS UP,  
ALL OF YOU!

COVER THE  
UPPER FLOORS,  
MEN - FAST!

WISE  
GUY!

YUH GOT NOTHIN'  
ON US, FLATFOOT!



AT THE SAME TIME, DOWN IN THE DANK SEWER, GAIL DESPERATELY PLAYS FOR TIME...

CAN'T YOU LET ME HAVE ONE LAST CIGARETTE?

ALL RIGHT, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY.



WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT!

YOW!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

YOU'VE FINISHED THAT CIGARETTE. NOW WE'LL DO THE JOB AND COLLECT OUR DOUGH FROM NINA,

YOU THINK SO?



TAKING TO HER HEELS, GAIL VANISHES INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE CAVERNS...

GRAB HER, BOYS! IF SHE GETS AWAY, THE JIG IS UP!



BUT BY HIDING AND TWISTING HER TRAIL, GAIL ELUDES HER PURSUITERS AND STUMBLING, WAIST-DEEP, THROUGH THE MURKY SEWERS...

LOOKS LIKE I'VE LOST THEM, BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE...?



ONE MENACE IS REPLACED BY ANOTHER WHEN SHE IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A PACK OF GIANT RATS...

EEE-EEK!



FRANTICALLY, SHE BEATS THEM OFF WITH HER SHOE...



THEN SHE SEES A GLEAM OF LIGHT...



SHE STUMBLES INTO THE OPEN AND COLLAPSES IN THE ARMS OF A COP...

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT WERE YOU — WHY, IT'S MISS FORD, INSPECTOR MADSON'S SECRETARY!



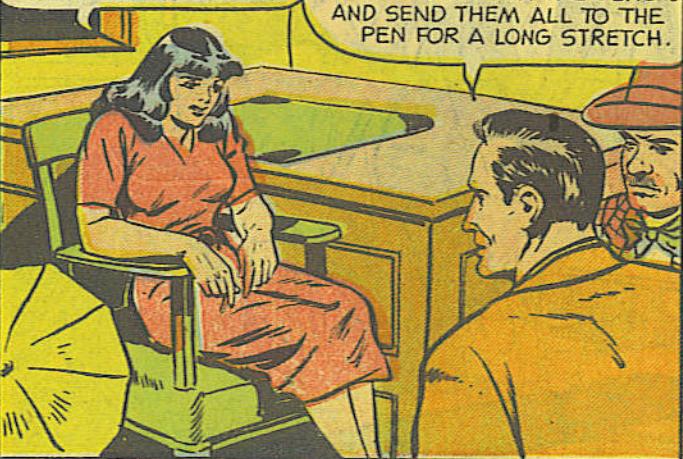
GAIL QUICKLY RETURNS TO HEADQUARTERS...

THAT HOUSE IS FULL OF CROOKS, INSPECTOR. I THINK YOU SHOULD PULL THE PLACE RIGHT AWAY!



I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT. NINA HAS ANOTHER CREW OF RASCALS WHO HIDE OUT IN THE SEWERS!

WE FOUND CONSIDERABLE LOOT IN THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSE. NOW WE'LL ROUND UP THAT BUNCH IN THE SEWERS AND SEND THEM ALL TO THE PEN FOR A LONG STRETCH.



THANKS FOR HELPING OUT, GAIL. YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS. I WAS JUST WONDERING IF NINA WAS RIGHT WHEN SHE SAID I WOULD MEET THAT "TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME"...



# Ray HALE

## "AFTER-HOURS KILLING"

THE CITY EDITOR OF THE "CLARION" RECEIVES A HOT TIP, AND CALLS HALE, HIS STAR REPORTER, OVER...

RAY, HERE'S A FLASH FROM OUR MAN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. SAYS THE WIFE OF REX DICKSON, THE WEALTHY LAWYER, HAS REPORTED HIM MISSING!

THAT GUY'S A NIGHT OWL ANYWAY... PROBABLY ON A BINGE!

by DOUGLAS MARCH

WELL, HE'S GOOD COPY. LOOK IT'S INTO IT! EARLY, BUT I'LL TRY HIS OFFICE!

BUT WHEN HALE GETS THERE, TRAGEDY HAS PRECEDED HIM...

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, BUDDY... THAT'S ALL WE KNOW!



AS I SAYS, MR. DICKSON WAS HERE ALIVE, WHEN I CLEANED THE OFFICE LAST NIGHT. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT TO TELL YOU!

BEFORE I LEFT THE FLOOR, I SAW A YOUNG LADY COME OUT OF THIS OFFICE... ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK...



**H**ALE SPIES A WOMAN'S PURSE ON A CHAIR...

THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE SCRUBWOMAN'S!



THIS CAN BE VERY IMPORTANT. HOPE THE FLATFEET DON'T CATCH ME MAKING LOVE TO IT...



WHO ARE YOU?

I'M WALT COLLINS, MR. DICKSON'S CLERK. I CAME AS SOON AS YOU PHONED ME. WHAT HAPPENED?



YOU CAN SEE... HE'S MURDERED! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

WHY, NOTHING! I LEFT HIM HERE AT FIVE YESTERDAY. POOR MR. DICKSON! I'VE WORKED FOR HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS,



UNOBTRUSIVELY HALE LEAVES THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...



HALE SCANS THE AFTER-HOURS REGISTER FOR THE PRECEDING DAY...



THIS BELONGS TO GINGER ROSS, THE ACTRESS! HERE ARE A BATCH OF HER PRESS CLIPPINGS. SO...

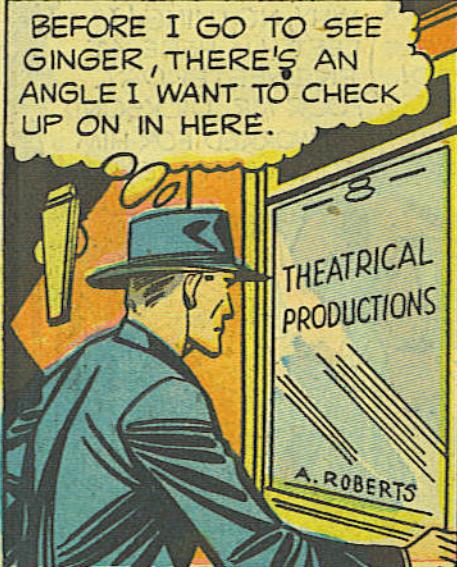
**SHE** WAS THE BABE IN DICKSON'S OFFICE!



AND HERE'S THE NOTICE OF A NEW SHOW JUST CASTING... SAYS THEY NEED DOUGH. I WONDER IF SHE WAS TRYING TO GET IT FROM HIM... THIS DOLL NEEDS LOOKING INTO!



BEFORE I GO TO SEE GINGER, THERE'S AN ANGLE I WANT TO CHECK UP ON IN HERE.



HALE KNOWS A GIRL IN THE SHOW PRODUCER'S OFFICE...

HIYA, BABS! I NEED SOME INFORMATION. CAN YOU TELL ME HOW ROBERTS IS FINANCING THE NEW SHOW THAT GINGER ROSS IS TO STAR IN?

SURE, RAY... JUST A MINUTE...



MISS ROSS? I'M  
HALE OF THE  
"CLARION". WANNA  
TALK TO  
THE PRESS?

WHY, OF  
COURSE! I  
ALWAYS CAN  
USE PUBLICITY!  
COME ON IN...

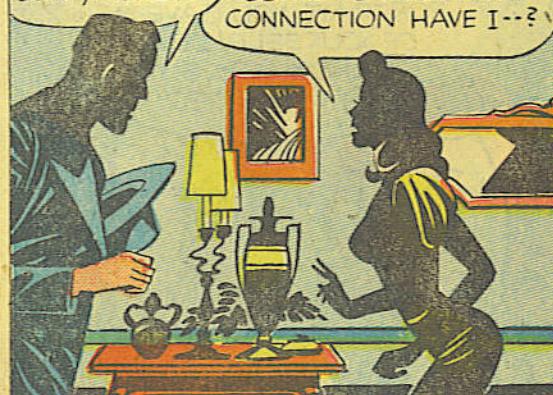
SORRY... I DIDN'T COME ABOUT  
THAT, TOOTS! DO YOU  
KNOW THAT REX  
DICKSON HAS BEEN  
MURDERED?

WHAT?  
NO! IT CAN'T  
BE! I ONLY...



MAYBE YOU  
STUCK THE  
SHIV INTO  
HIM YOUR-  
SELF, HONEY!

OF COURSE I  
DIDN'T! I ADMIRER  
HIM VERY MUCH!  
BUT WHY DO YOU  
COME TO ME? WHAT  
CONNECTION HAVE I--?



WHAT CONNECTION? HE WAS GOING  
TO PUT UP THE MONEY FOR YOUR  
NEW SHOW, WASN'T  
HE? THEN HE  
BACKED OUT!

HEY! THAT'S  
NONE OF YOUR  
AFFAIR,  
YOU SNOOP!



WHAT'S MORE, I KNOW THAT YOU  
WERE IN DICKSON'S OFFICE LAST  
NIGHT AFTER BUSINESS  
HOURS. THIS MORNING  
HE WAS DEAD!

YES, I  
WAS THERE,  
BUT HE WAS ALIVE  
AND WELL  
WHEN I LEFT!

WHY  
DIDN'T  
YOU  
SIGN  
OUT?  
BECAUSE HE WAS MARRIED,  
AND DIDN'T WANT OUR  
NAMES CONNECTED. HE  
ASKED ME ALWAYS TO WALK  
DOWN WHEN I WENT TO  
HIS OFFICE.



HALE'S GAZE IS CAUGHT  
BY A PHOTOGRAPH  
NEARBY...



HALE, RISING TO LEAVE, DELIBERATELY  
STUMBLES OVER THE SMALL TABLE,  
THROWING ITS CONTENTS TO THE FLOOR...



BUT WHEN HALE LEAVES, THE  
PHOTOGRAPH IS SAFELY  
IN HIS POCKET...



AS SOON AS SHE MISSES THE  
PICTURE, GINGER MAKES A  
FRANTIC PHONE CALL...



AFTER A DAY OF RUNNING DOWN  
CLUES, HALE HEADS FOR HOME...



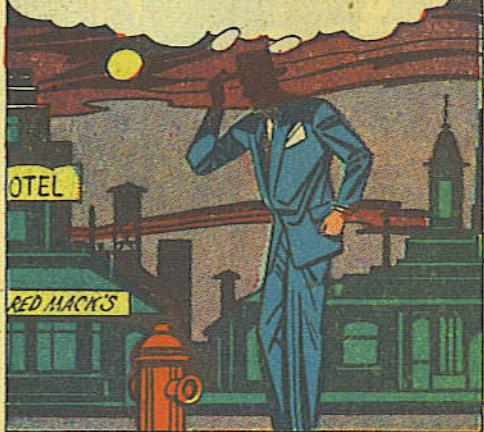
SUDDENLY, HE IS VICIOUSLY  
ATTACKED FROM THE SHADOWS...



THE MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT  
SEARCHES HALE'S POCKETS...



HE MUST WANT THAT PICTURE...  
BUT PLENTY! THAT GIVES ME  
AN IDEA... IT'S THE ANGLE  
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



THE REPORTER REVIVES...



HERE'S WHAT I FOUND OUT, SERGEANT.  
GET THESE PEOPLE DOWN HERE  
AND WORK THIS ANGLE. JUST  
GIVE ME THE CHANCE  
TO BREAK IT FIRST  
IN MY PAPER!

OKAY, HALE.  
WE'LL PLAY  
IT YOUR WAY...  
BUT YOU'D BETTER  
BE RIGHT!



**The** SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT IN...

GET YOUR HANDS  
OFF ME! I'M NOT A  
MURDERESS!



COLLINS, YOU  
WERE IN THE  
OFFICE  
YESTERDAY?

YES, BUT I TELL  
YOU, I LEFT MR.  
DICKSON THERE  
AT FIVE O'CLOCK!

ALL RIGHT, THEN THIS GIRL WAS  
THERE LATER! SHE KILLED  
DICKSON AND NOW SHE'LL  
FACE A FIRST DEGREE  
**MURDER CHARGE!**

NO...

I DIDN'T  
KILL HIM!



YOU WANTED DICKSON TO 'PUT UP  
DOUGH FOR YOUR NEW SHOW!  
HE REFUSED, AND YOU  
STABBED HIM! **CONFESS!**

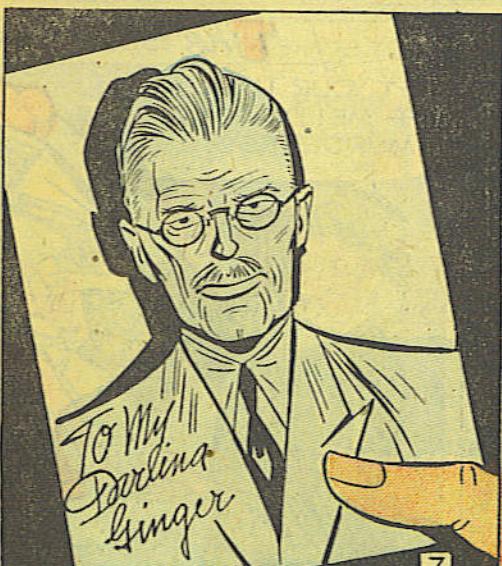
YOU CAN'T  
PIN THIS  
ON ME!

**NO! NO!**  
SHE DIDN'T  
DO IT!

HOW DID  
YOU KNOW?



YOU'RE RIGHT! **SHE** DIDN'T KILL DICKSON!  
YOU DID! YOU YOURSELF WERE SWEET ON  
GINGER. YOU WERE JEALOUS OF HIM!  
HERE'S YOUR PORTRAIT INSCRIBED  
TO HER...CAN YOU DENY IT?



To My  
Darling  
Ginger

YES, THAT IS MY PICTURE!  
I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS.  
I'M BEATEN!

YOU OLD FOOL! AT  
YOUR AGE, YOU SHOULD  
KNOW BETTER!



NO...YOU ARE WRONG! GINGER IS MY  
DAUGHTER! I'VE WORKED FOR DICKSON  
FOR TWENTY YEARS AND I'VE HATED  
HIM ALL THAT TIME BECAUSE  
HE'S STINGY!

HE TOOK AN INTEREST IN  
GINGER AND PROMISED TO  
HELP HER CAREER AND MAKE  
HER A GREAT ACTRESS. THEN  
HE WENT BACK ON HIS WORD  
JUST WHEN SHE NEEDED HIS  
HELP!

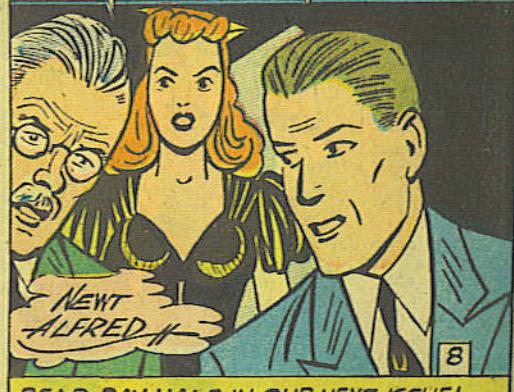


I FORGOT SOMETHING AT THE OFFICE.  
I CAME BACK THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR  
AND HEARD THEM ARGUING! WHEN  
GINGER WENT AWAY, I WENT IN AND  
HAD IT OUT WITH DICKSON. HE  
LAUGHED AT ME AND GINGER. I WENT  
BERSERK AND STABBED HIM!



HE  
DESERVED  
IT!

OKAY, BUB, THAT'S  
FOR A JURY  
TO DECIDE!



READ RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

# SALLY the SLEUTH

"TUMBLING CORPSES"

ONE DAY SALLY IS TAKEN ALONG BY HER CHIEF TO A CONFERENCE WITH JED CONYERS, HEAD OF A TOP-FLIGHT AGENCY FOR GLAMOROUS MODELS...

I GUESS YOU'VE READ IN THE PAPERS ABOUT HONEY HARE, MY TOP MODEL, FALLING FROM OUR ROOF YESTERDAY. WELL, THIS MORNING, I GOT A LETTER THREATENING THAT MORE OF MY GIRLS WILL DIVE TO THE STREET. IT LOOKS LIKE A PLOT.

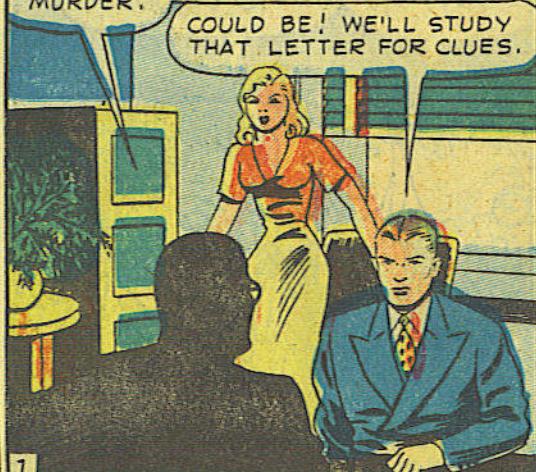
HAVE YOU ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT HAVE HELPED CAUSE THIS TRAGEDY?

CONYERS  
MODEL AGENCY



NOT THAT I KNOW OF, BUT I'M WORRIED. IT LOOKS AS IF IT MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT AFTER ALL. IT COULD BE MURDER.

COULD BE! WE'LL STUDY THAT LETTER FOR CLUES.



I SURELY HOPE YOU CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MESS. IT'S DRIVING ME NUTS.

YOU LEAVE IT TO US.



BUT NEXT DAY, ANOTHER CURVACEOUS CUTIE TUMBLES FROM THE SKY BEFORE HORRIFIED ONLOOKERS . . .



JET JENNINGS WAS MY SECOND MOST POPULAR MODEL. YOU **MUST** DO SOMETHING !!

THIS IS REALLY SERIOUS. THESE TWO DEATHS WERE NO ACCIDENTS.



HOW IS IT THEY FELL FROM THE SAME SPOT ?

I MAINTAIN A SOLARIUM ON THE ROOF. MY MODELS GO UP THERE FOR REST AND EXERCISE.



WELL, THIS IS WHAT WE'LL DO: SALLY WILL BECOME ONE OF YOUR MODELS. GIVE HER LOTS OF PUBLICITY - SPREAD THE NEWS THAT SHE'S A NEW "FIND".

OH, I'D LOVE TO BE A MODEL!

SURE. SHE'S AS PRETTY AS ANY OF THEM.

NEXT DAY, CONYERS SHOWS SALLY AROUND, INCLUDING THE ROOF...

THIS IS OUR SOLARIUM, AND JOSH BOND, OUR ATHLETIC DIRECTOR.

HOW DO YOU DO?

HELLO -

AFTER CONYERS HAS RETURNED TO HIS OFFICE SALLY STAYS ON THE ROOF AND WATCHES THE ATHLETIC DIRECTOR...

MY, THE PLACE IS DESERTED! WONDER WHERE THAT BOND GUY WENT--

THERE HE IS -- WHOM CAN HE BE PHONING TO - ?

THAT NIGHT, AS BOND LEAVES THE BUILDING, SALLY IS ON HIS TAIL...

SHE THEN WATCHES HIM MEET HIS "DATE".

I WONDER WHO SHE IS --?

'LO, JOSH

HI, BABY. LET'S GO IN HERE WHERE WE CAN TALK.

SALLY FOLLOWS AND KEEPS THEM IN VIEW, BUT CANNOT GET NEAR ENOUGH TO OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION ...

THAT DAME'S FACE IS FAMILIAR -- WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?



BACK IN HER OFFICE, SALLY PLOWS THROUGH A MASS OF CLIPPINGS ...

HERE IT IS! IT'S CONYERS' ESTRANGED WIFE BEATRICE ... A PICTURE OF HER SWIMMING DOWN IN FLORIDA - AND THAT GUY IN THE BACKGROUND IS JOSH BOND!



SHE HAS BEEN PRETTY BITTER TOWARDS HIM EVER SINCE AND DOES EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO HURT HIM, I HEAR.

YES, BUT DO YOU THINK SHE HAS A HAND IN THE DEATH OF THOSE GIRLS?

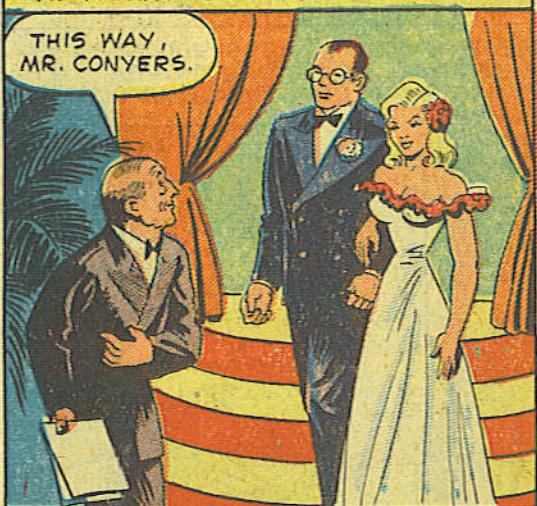


THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT. THIS JOSH BOND ANGLE LOOKS FISHY, PLAY UP TO CONYERS AND GIVE HER EVERY REASON TO BE JEALOUS, MAYBE SHE WILL TIP HER MITT.



SALLY IS SOON SEEN WITH CONYERS  
AT FASHIONABLE NIGHT SPOTS...

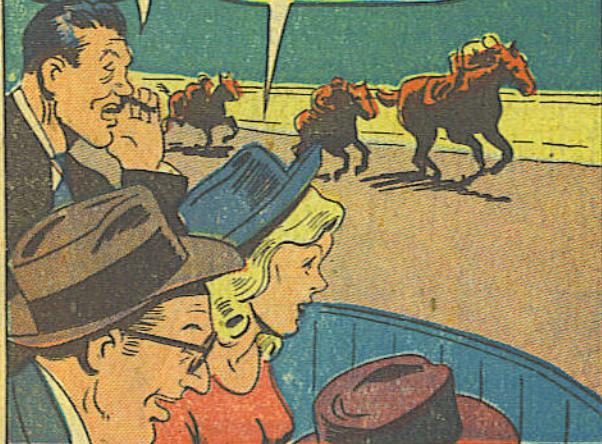
THIS WAY,  
MR. CONYERS.



AND AT THE RACES...

THEY'RE  
OFF!

OH, MR. CONYERS,  
THIS IS THRILLING!



AND SOON THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS  
BEGIN TO MENTION THEM...

JED CONYERS AND HIS  
NEW GLAMOR GIRL ARE  
THE NEWEST TWOSOME  
AT THE LATE SPOTS...

WHO IS THE BLONDE  
CUTIE SEEN AROUND  
TOWN WITH A TOP  
MODEL AGENCY MAN

...IT LOOKS LIKE LOVE  
BETWEEN A PROMINENT  
MODEL AGENT AND HIS  
LATEST BLONDE FIND  
WHO ARE SEEN AT ALL  
SMART SPOTS IN

BUT IN THE OFFICE OF THE MODEL AGENCY...

SALLY, WE'RE GETTING  
NOWHERE FAST. EVERYBODY  
IN TOWN IS LAUGHING AT  
ME. JUST LOOK AT THIS  
ITEM I FOUND IN THE  
MORNING PAPER -

CHEER UP,  
WE'LL BREAK  
THE CASE  
SOON.



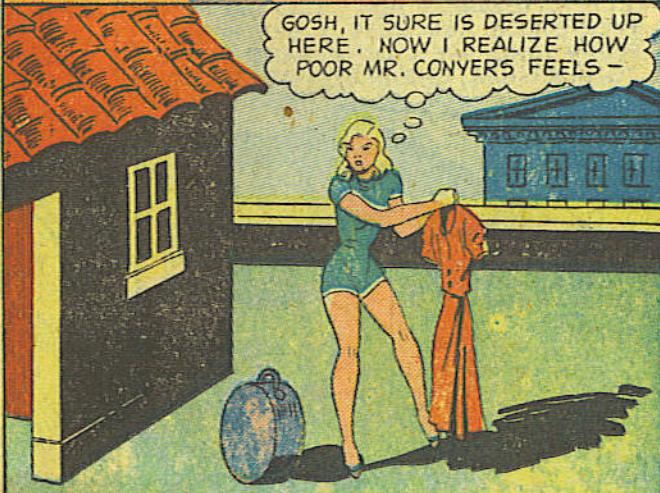
CONYERS SHOWS SALLY THE CLIPPING...

JED CONYERS AGENCY  
REPORTED ABOUT TO  
FOLD UP. DEATHS OF  
TWO TOP MODELS STILL  
UNSOLVED. HIS GIRLS  
HAVE ALL QUIT HIS  
MANAGEMENT. THEIR  
LITTLE TUTU IN THE

"TUTU  
TO HATU"

A WHILE LATER, SALLY GOES UP TO THE ROOF AND  
CHANGES TO HER "LEOTARD", THE EXERCISE COSTUME...

GOSH, IT SURE IS DESERTED UP  
HERE. NOW I REALIZE HOW  
POOR MR. CONYERS FEELS -



HELLO, WANNA TAKE A SUN BATH ?

NO, MR. BOND. JUST STRETCH OUT AND REST A WHILE. I'VE BEEN POSING MOST OF THE AFTERNOON, AND I'M TIRED.



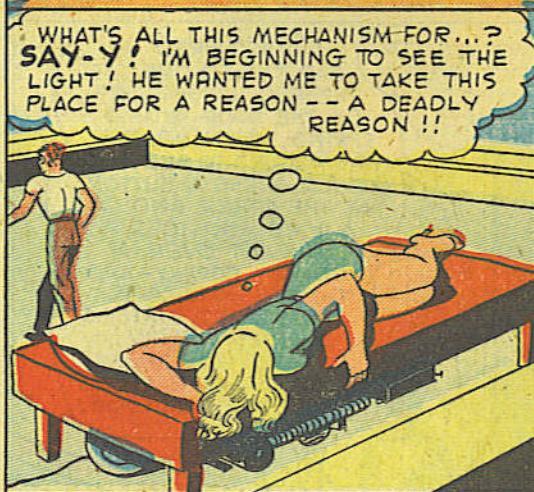
I THINK I'LL PARK HERE.

OH, TAKE THIS ONE. I ASSURE YOU IT'S A LOT MORE COMFORTABLE.

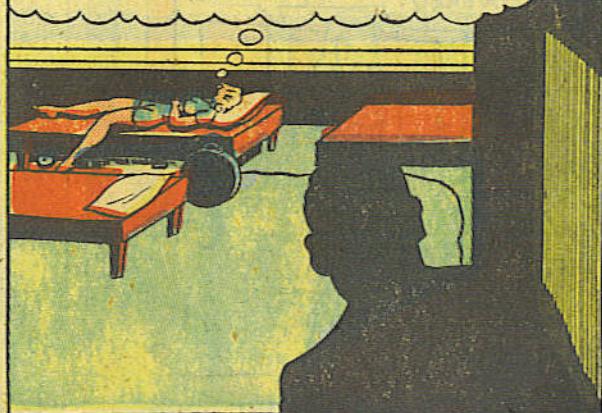


SALLY LOOKS UNDERNEATH AND SEES ...

WHAT'S ALL THIS MECHANISM FOR...? SAY-Y! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT! HE WANTED ME TO TAKE THIS PLACE FOR A REASON -- A DEADLY REASON !!



I'LL PUT ONE FOOT OVER THIS SIDE AND REST MY WEIGHT ON IT. SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN AWFULLY QUICKLY AND I DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT --

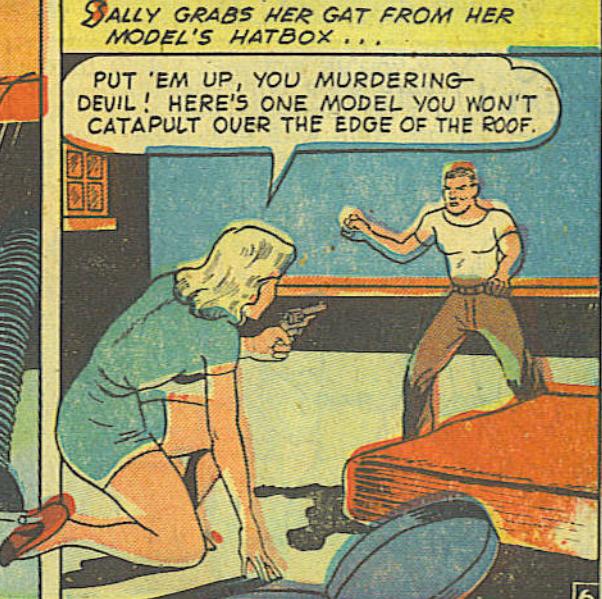


THERE IT GOES !



SALLY GRABS HER GAT FROM HER MODEL'S HATBOX ...

PUT 'EM UP, YOU MURDERING DEVIL! HERE'S ONE MODEL YOU WON'T CATAULPT OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF.



GET DOWNSTAIRS OR I'LL BLAST YOU TO BITS !



ON THE AGENCY OFFICE ...

HERE'S THE KILLER, MR. CONVERS. YOUR CASE IS SOLVED.

BOND? WHY- WHAT-- !

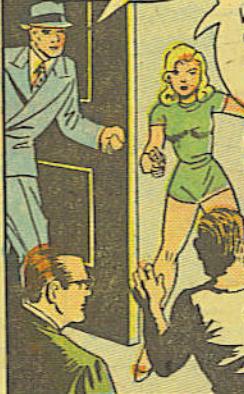


DON'T STAND THERE GAPING ! PHONE THE CHIEF TO GET RIGHT OVER HERE. I'LL KEEP THIS RAT COVERED .



A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

GOOD WORK, SALLY. I'LL TAKE OVER NOW. WHAT HAPPENED ?



I DISCOVERED HE HAD RIGGED ONE OF THE RECLINING CHAIRS ON THE ROOF WITH A SPRING. WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND TO SEE, HE COULD PRESS A BUTTON AT THE OTHER END OF A WIRE AND TOSS THE OCCUPANT OVER A NEARBY COPING - AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT THE STREET, FIFTEEN STORIES BELOW ! THAT'S HOW THOSE GIRLS WERE SENT TO KINGDOM COME.

YOU FIEND !

Y-YOU'VE GOT ME ! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOUR WIFE BEATRICE AND I'D DO ANYTHING SHE ASKED ME TO. THIS WAS HER IDEA. SHE HATES YOUR GUTS AND WANTS TO RUIN YOU .



WELL, YOU'RE NOW HEADED FOR THE HOT SEAT AT SING SING, BUDDY, AND THAT'LL JUST ABOUT RUIN YOU !



LOOK FOR THE NEWEST ADVENTURES OF SALLY IN THE NEXT CRIME SMASHERS ...

DAN TURNER -

# HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"MYSTO-MAGIC,  
MURDER"

DAN TURNER ATTENDS A MIDNIGHT MEN'S PARTY  
FOR SOME BIG SHOTS IN HOLLYWOOD. HE FINDS THE  
ENTERTAINMENT STIMULATING, TO SAY THE LEAST ...

... THERE ARE SINGERS  
AND DANCERS ON THE  
BILL OF ENTERTAINERS -

... BUT MOST SPECTACULAR OF ALL  
IS A LOVELY YOUNG MAGICIAN NAMED  
CHARM MARLOWE, WHO PRODUCES  
SNAKES OUT OF EMPTY HATS ! ...

PRESTO! CHANGE-O!  
NOW YOU SEE THEM --  
NOW YOU DON'T !!



NOW I'LL MAKE A MAN VANISH. WILL ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN STEP FORWARD?



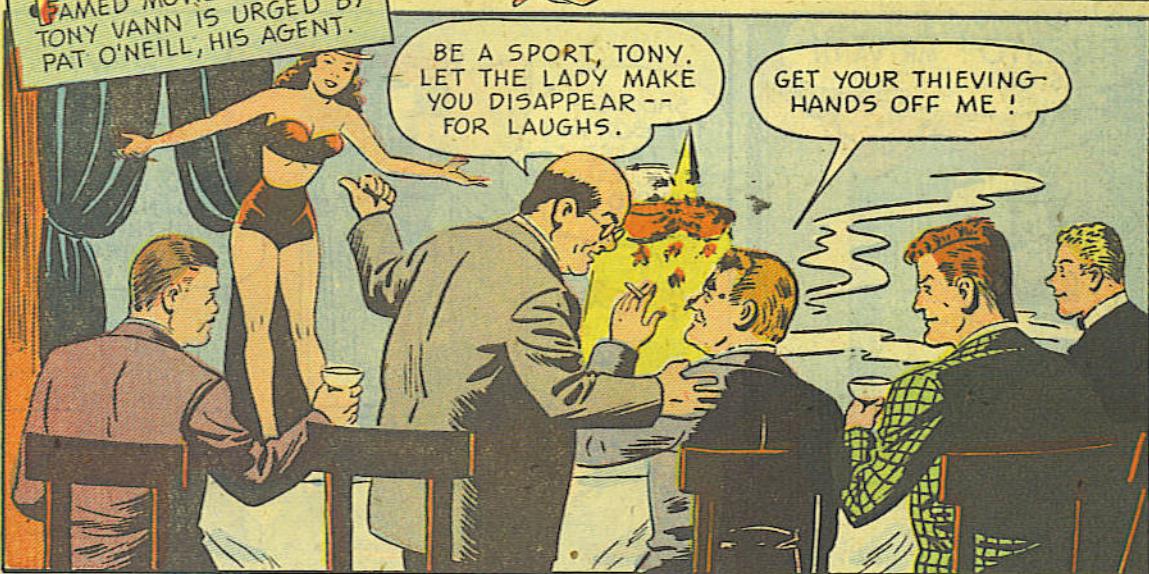
FAMED MOVIE COMEDIAN  
TONY VANN IS URGED BY  
PAT O'NEILL, HIS AGENT.

COME ON, IF SOMEONE  
WILL VOLUNTEER, I'LL  
REWARD HIM  
WITH A KISS!



BE A SPORT, TONY.  
LET THE LADY MAKE  
YOU DISAPPEAR --  
FOR LAUGHS.

GET YOUR THIEVING-  
HANDS OFF ME!



TONY VANN'S NEPHEW, PETE DRAKE,  
HORNS IN.

GO AHEAD,  
UNCLE TONY.  
WHY BE  
STUBBORN?

NIX, YOU YOUNG IDIOT.  
I JILTED CHARM'S SISTER  
A LONG TIME AGO. SHE  
MIGHT TRY TO GET  
REVENGE ON ME.

WILL THIS  
PERSUADE YOU?



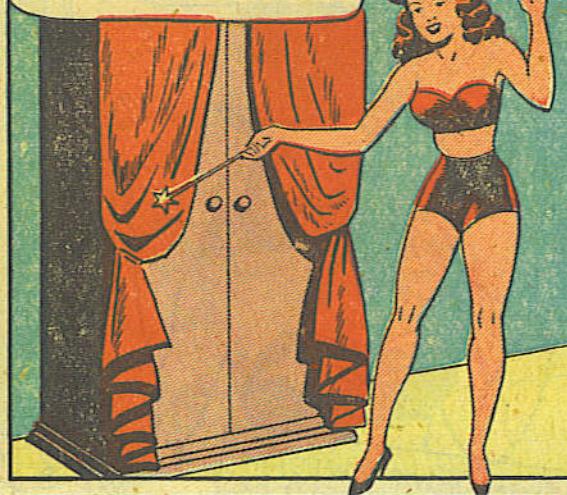
DRUNKENLY RELUCTANT, VANN GETS INTO THE MYSTO-MAGIC CABINET.

NOW-NOW, - BE A GOOD BOY --

OH -- OKAY --



NOW THE MYSTIC WORD - ALLA-GA-ZOOCH !



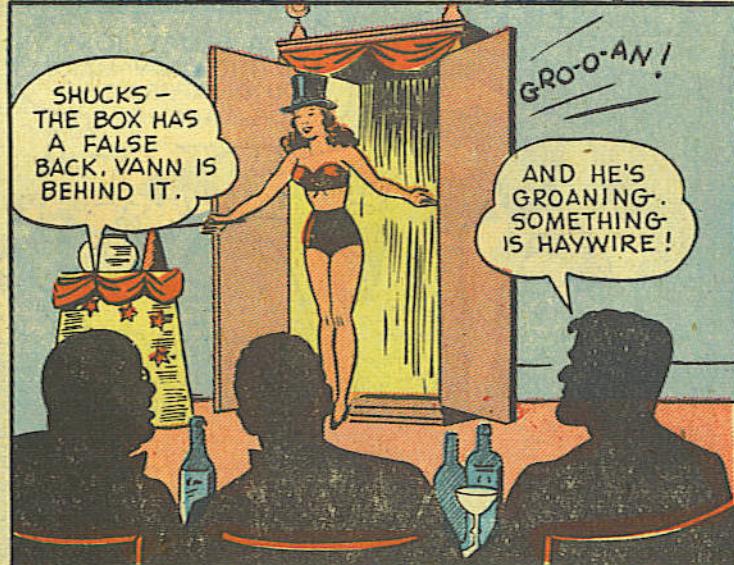
PRESTO ! MR. VANN IS GONE !



SHUCKS - THE BOX HAS A FALSE BACK, VANN IS BEHIND IT.

GRO-O-AN !

AND HE'S GROANING. SOMETHING IS HAYWIRE !



DAN TURNER LEAPS TO THE CABINET ...

I SMELL TROUBLE !

GRO-O-O-AN !



... AND RIPS THE FALSE BACK —



HE'S HAVING CONVULSIONS!



HOLY SMOKE!  
HE'S DEFUNCT -  
AND THERE'S A SNAKE BITE ON HIS NECK!



ONE OF YOUR SNAKES GOT LOOSE  
AND FANGED TONY VANN TO DEATH!

NO! OH-H,  
N-NO !!



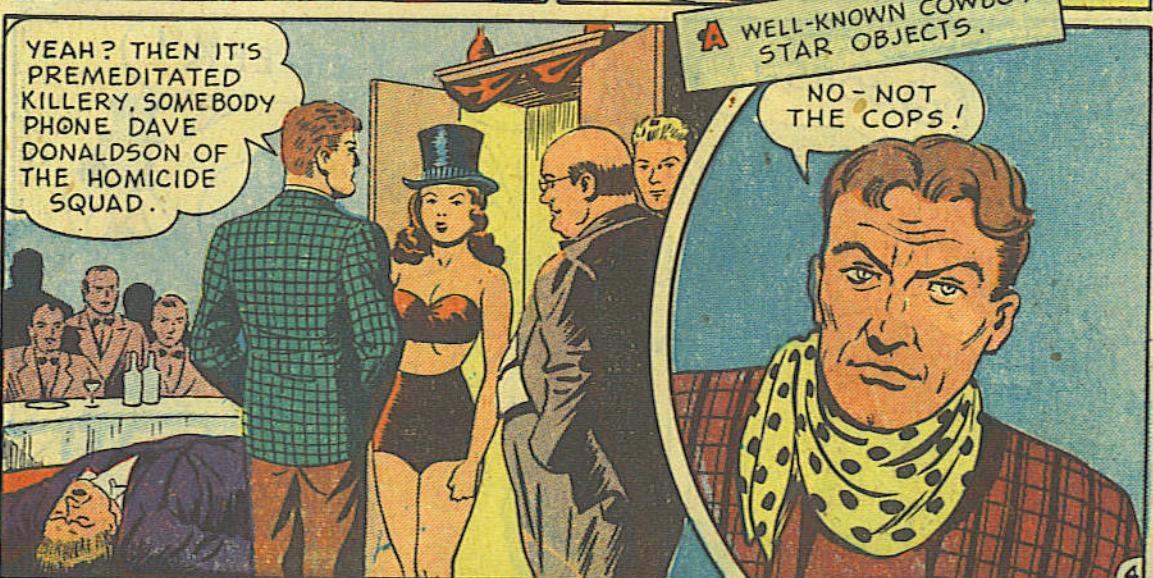
I HAVE ONLY FOUR SNAKE AND  
THEY'RE ALL SAFE IN THIS CAGE.  
BESIDES, THEY'RE HARMLESS. I HAD  
THEIR FANGS AND POISON SACS  
REMOVED.



YEAH? THEN IT'S  
PREMEDITATED  
KILLERY, SOMEBODY  
PHONE DAVE  
DONALDSON OF  
THE HOMICIDE  
SQUAD.

A WELL-KNOWN COWBOY  
STAR OBJECTS.

NO - NOT  
THE COPS!



WE'RE ALL BIG MOVIE NAMES. IF IT GETS OUT THAT WE WERE AT A MURDER PARTY LIKE THIS, OUR REPUTATIONS WILL BE WRECKED.

THE ONLY WAY I'LL LET YOU SCRAM BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE IS FOR THE REAL KILLER TO CONFESS.

YEAH?



HOW ABOUT YOU, HON? VANN JILTED YOUR SISTER. DID YOU STICK HIM WITH A COUPLE OF HYPO-NEEDLE GIMMICKS FULL OF SNAKE VENOM?

NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T!



LOOK, O'NEILL, YOU WERE VANN'S AGENT AND HE TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR THIEVING HANDS OFF HIM. MAYBE HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE STEALING FROM HIM AND YOU BUMPED HIM TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM EXPOSURE.

WHY, YOU LOUSY SNOOP!



THAT FOR YOU!

GLOOBSH!



OW! I'M SHOT!

EE-EEK!

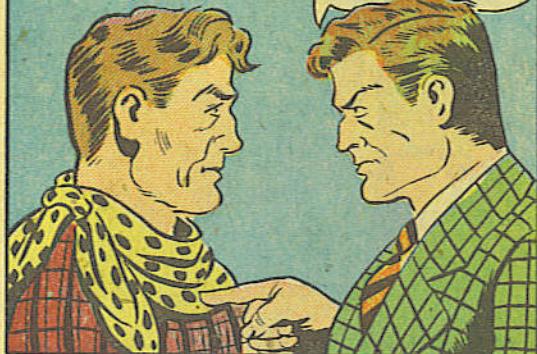
NO-ONLY  
CREASED. NEXT  
TIME I'LL REALLY  
PLUG YOU.



**W**HILE CHARM MARLOWE BANDAGES O'NEILL'S NICKED SHOULDER, THE COWBOY STAR SPEAKS TO DAN TURNER.

BUT, SHERLOCK, HOW COULD THE KILL BE PREMEDITATED?

MEANING WHAT, BUB?



NOBODY IN THE CROWD EVER SAW CHARM'S MAGIC ACT BEFORE. WE DIDN'T KNOW SHE USED LIVE SNAKES. SO HOW COULD ANY OF US PREPARE SNAKE-VENOM HYPO NEEDLES IN ADVANCE?

HMM-M. YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE.



THANKS FOR THE TIP, PAL. NOW OUT OF MY WAY-

HUH-?



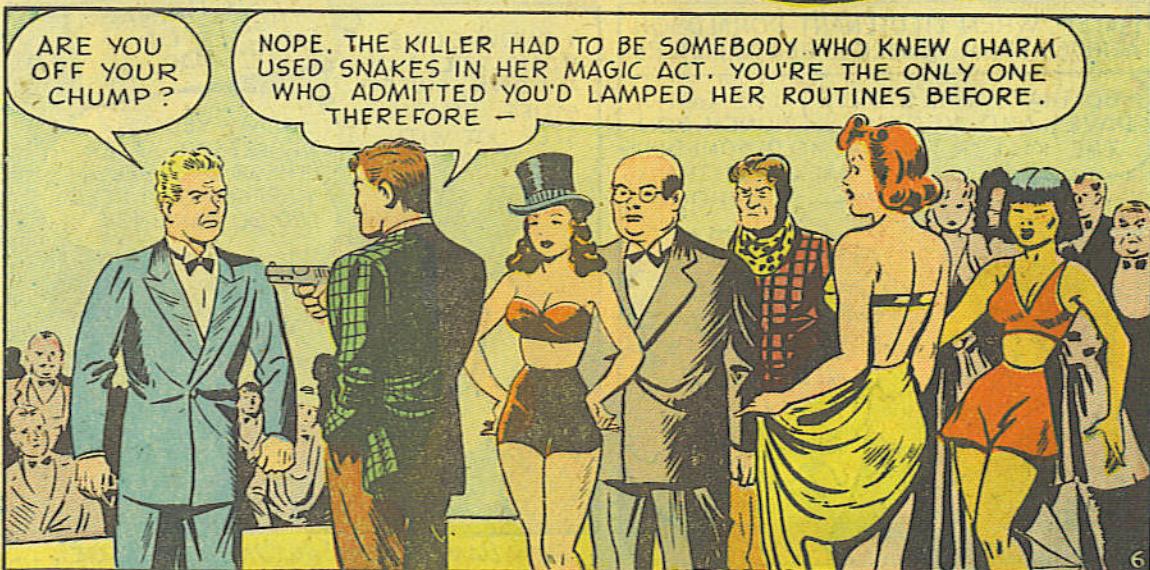
**T**URNER CONFRONTS PETE DRAKE, THE SLAIN COMEDIAN'S NEPHEW...

WELL, PUNK, HOW MUCH GEET DID YOU FIGURE TO INHERIT BY BUMPING YOUR UNK?



ARE YOU OFF YOUR CHUMP?

NOPE, THE KILLER HAD TO BE SOMEBODY WHO KNEW CHARM USED SNAKES IN HER MAGIC ACT. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO ADMITTED YOU'D LAMPED HER ROUTINES BEFORE. THEREFORE -





# Prayer Works Wonders



SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME! GLAD I HAVE A DINNER DATE WITH HER TONIGHT!

LATER...

HOPE THIS NEW TIE REGISTERS WITH HER... I SURE WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NEXT MORNING...

HOW DID IT GO LAST NIGHT, SON? DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?

OH SO, SO, MOTHER!

YOUR BEST FRIEND, BEN, SHOWS HIS GIRL HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HER, BY TAKING HER TO SYNAGOGUE EVERY WEEK! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME AND TAKE YOUR GIRL TO CHURCH? THERE ISN'T A GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO WOULDN'T APPRECIATE AND RESPECT SUCH AN INVITATION!

ATTEND THE CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE OF YOUR CHOICE...

IN COOPERATION WITH RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE...